BRISBANE
THIS WEEK

A Long Swim
Money Flows West
$5 for $3.39
Not So Barren

The new year, 1935, latest contribution of Father Time to the long chain of beads called "eternity," is here, and we are in it.

We shall continue to read opinions and rumors, plans and criticism of plans, in our slow progress to prosperity's shore. It is a long swim when you are thrown overboard in the middle of Lake Superior. This country was thrown overboard in another lake of superior prosperity and unlimited expectation, back in 1929.

Farmers, newspapers devoted to the farmers' interest, big bankers of the East, are interested in the fact that the money tide that for so long flowed from producers in the West to accumulators in the East, is now flowing in the other direction.

The money tide goes out toward the farms of wheat, cotton and stock, in the West and Middle West, and to the cotton farmers in the South. It is as though the Great Lakes had been tilted upward at the eastern end, and the waters sent coming toward the Rocky mountains.

The tide will not flow long in that western direction, probably. Men that have the mortgages and collect the interest accumulate the money, in the long run.

Long ago, a man wagered that he would stand on London bridge offering genuine gold sovereigns for a shilling each and find few takers. The gold sovereigns were genuine, but nobody would buy. Mel Smith, a circus official called "Lucky" Smith, bet that Los Angeles citizens would refuse to buy genuine $5 bills for $3.39. Hundreds walked by, looked at the genuine bills. Some cried "Fake!" Only two purchased. "Lucky" Smith won a $100 wager.

Many Americans wish they had been as skeptical about certain stock back in 1929.

The distinguished George W. Hubbell of Houston, Texas signs his writings "AE," says, "I am always struck by the terrible barrenness of rural life in America." He thinks we must "find some way to entertain it," and if we don't, "then the disease which destroyed ancient Italy will eat into America. You will no longer feed yourselves, and you will be struck with palsy of bread and circuses."

Mr. Russell may find greater richness in Irish farmhouses, but it is a richness of the character and of the mind, not of surroundings. There is little barrenness about, other than intellectual, in our rural life with its automobile, radio, moving pictures within easy reach, rural delivery, periodicals bath tubs, mail order catalogues, prayer meetings, revivals, annual circus, the public library, soon reached by automobile.

Next summer our ships of war, "venturing almost to Oriental waters," will engage in far-flung war games covering more than 5,000,000 square miles of the Pacific ocean.

How interesting that will be, and how rapidly those ships would come running home to hide away in port if a few large warring planes should sail out from Asia, from Tokyo or Russia's Vladivostok, over those 5,000,000 square miles of the Pacific, and drop explosive bombs and poison gas bombs on the battleships!

Geological explorers from the Byrd expedition, around the South pole, report important veins of mineral quartz, discovered in moderate amounts along the coast of Marie Byrd Land.

If the geologists should bring back actual mineral wealth, how quickly men would find a way to reach those mountains, how indifferent to death they would be in the effort to get there!

We have piled up in Washington already $8,000,000,000 worth of gold. What would happen if Byrd should discover a mountain containing $1,000,000,000,000 in gold? That would be overdoing it, for instantly our $8,000,000,000 in gold would shrink in value to almost nothing, and the gold metal would be only metal, not precious.

In Kansas a terrific dust storm, hiding the sun, suggests that the Agricultural department help farmers by developing some temporary covercrop that could be sown on wheat and corn fields when the crops come off, a nitrogen-fixing plant if possible. It would protect dusty surfaces from high winds and be plowed under, contributing humus, before the next planting.

In the Northwest, farmers have used the "duckfoot" cultivator, which cuts a path 60 feet wide, right through the roots of weeds and not destroying the protection of the subsoil from wind and the washing of heavy rains.

A wise motto of earlier days was: "When in doubt, refrain."

In Russia and other countries where the will of one takes the place of slow decisions by the majority, the maxim reads:

"When in doubt, shoot."

Moscow reports 14 more executed to avenge the killing of Sergei Kirov, making 117 lives taken to expiate that one murder.

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WNU Service.

News Review of Current Events the World Over

President Roosevelt Tells Congress of his Great Work Relief Plan—Designed to Supplant the Downright Dole.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
© by Western Newspaper Union.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT in his message to congress, delivered in person at a joint session, offered the law makers a "new and greatly enlarged plan" of work relief. He did not estimate its cost, but asserted that the system of outright doles should be dropped and the government should undertake projects of slum clearance, grade crossing elimination and other public works that would give employment to about 3,500,000 persons now without jobs. The figures to be proposed for this were reserved for the budget message, but he assured congress that they would be "within the sound credit of the government."

President Roosevelt

Mr. Roosevelt declared the gains made in the year 1934 were greater than the losses and expressed "a strong hope in the coming year." He reasserted his belief in the "profit motive" but uttered a warning against wealth "which, through excessive profits, creates undue private power over private affairs, and, to our misfortune, over public affairs as well." This, naturally, was taken as applying especially to the public service interests, which have been so apprehensive of the administration's intentions.

As for a legislative program, the President made no attempt to outline one, but he did promise that definite legislation soon would be proposed covering old age and unemployment insurance, benefits for children and mothers, and other features of his social security plans.

He declared the nation was making headway toward the "new order," but under the framework of the Constitution, and he spoke of the increased industrial activity, benefits to agriculture and profits to merchants that have been realized. Then came this stern warning:

"Let him who, for speculative profit or partisan purpose, without just warrant would seek, to disturb or dispel confidence, be denied the right to do so."

Farmer-Laborite — Henrik Shipstead. The house is comprised of 322 Democrats, 102 Republicans, seven Progressives and three Farmer-Laborites. The administration Democrats do not anticipate any trouble from the Republicans; it is from the radical members of their own party that their woes are likely to come, and the help of the Republicans may be necessary to curb those left wingers. The majority leaders in both houses can be counted on to hold the radicals under a tight rein if that is possible.

In the speakers' chair sits Joseph T. Byrns, chosen unanimously by his fellow Democrats. He is too much of a compromiser to suit many of them, but is now tied to the administration, which declined to oppose his election. John H. Bankhead of Alabama, Hiram Byrns one of the old school, won the leadership of the house after a brief struggle. Senator Joseph Robinson of Arkansas was re-elected majority leader of the senate, and Senator Lewis of Illinois continues as whip.

In their private caucus the Democrats voted to reduce materially the Republican representation on house committees, and decided to abrogate the 1445 rule for discharging a committee and bringing a bill to vote within a week. The number now required for this action is 218. This latter action will preclude another restriction on the radicals.

TWO thousand eight hundred bills were introduced and referred to committees on the first day of the new congress. Number 1, handed in by Representative Wright Patman of Texas, provides for the payment of the adjusted service certificates of veterans immediately in cash, through the issuance of greenbacks. Patman and other supporters of this plan call it "controlled inflation."

Lemke of North Dakota, Republican, introduced a measure for the liquidation and refinancing of agricultural indebtedness. The liquidation would be carried out at a reduced rate of interest, according to the bill, by establishing an efficient credit system through the use of the federal farm loan and federal reserve banking system. Lemke also provided for the creation of a board of agriculture to supervise the program.

Continuance of the HOLC was proposed by several congressmen. The bond issue of this agency would be increased anywhere from one billion to four and a half billion dollars in the various bills introduced on the subject.

A 100 per cent payoff for depositors whose funds are tied up in trust companies is sought in two bills written by Representative Clarence J. McLeod of Michigan.

Many bills were introduced providing unemployment and old age insurance.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT did not wait for the opening of congress to start his fight against immediate payment of the veterans' bonus. The commander of a Legion post in Texas wrote him for information on the matter and Mr. Roosevelt replied at length, detailing his reasons for opposing the getting off of the emergency credit activities of government, and improvement in our taxation forms and methods.

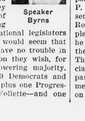
"We have already begun to feel the bracing effect upon our economic system of a restored agriculture.

"The hundreds of millions of additional income of farmers are receiving is finding its way into the channels of trade.

"The farmers' share of the national income is slowly rising. The economic facts justify the widespread opinion of those engaged in agriculture that our provision for maintaining a balanced production gave at this time the most adequate remedy for an old and vexing problem.

"For the present and especially in view of abnormal world conditions, agricultural adjustment with certain necessary improvements in methods should continue."

THE Seventy-fourth congress, elected on the sole issue of support of the New Deal, began its first session on the 6th and devoted its first day to the organization of the two houses and the swearing in of new members. The whitewashers assembled in the Capitol were a serious looking lot, and with reason, for they have on their hands a big job, that of making the New Deal permanent; and in the doing of it they must solve some of the most perplexing problems that our national legislators ever have faced. It would seem that the Democrats will have no trouble in passing any legislation they wish, for they have an overpowering majority, in the senate are 69 Democrats and only 25 Republicans, plus one Progressive—Robert M. LaFollette—and one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SENATOR VANDENBERG of Michigan, liberal Republican, says he will introduce in the senate a bill designed to take the Post Office department out of politics. The measure he has drafted would put all postmasters and postal officials, except the postmaster general, in office under the civil service, and in the giving out of jobs the post office employees would have the preference. Senator Vandenberg has been persistently demanding that Postmaster General Farley either resign from the cabinet or give up his chairmanship of the Democratic national committee. In line with this his bill would prohibit the postmaster general from holding any political office.

By taking politics out of the department and establishing a career service, Vandenberg said, "the pavement-pounding letter carriers may look forward to intimate graduation to the high post of first assistant postmaster general."

Under this bill," he added, "politics and postal affairs at last are separated as far as is possible in a democracy. All local postmasters are put squarely under civil service with emphasis and responsibilities placed on the 'postal grays' themselves.

"Existing postmasters are permitted to serve out their present commissions. Thereupon the vacancies are filled by promotion from the service ranks. Only in the event that no postmaster available—and we anticipate that this contingency would not arise other than in some of the smallest offices—is a vacancy to be filled otherwise than by promotion."

ONE of the most serious issues that will confront congress is the battle between business and industry on the one side and labor on the other, especially over the thirty-hour week. The American Federation of Labor is committed to this proposition, and to the retention of the collective bargaining provisions of the NRA act. Big business, as represented by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Manufacturers' association, is opposed to the thirty-hour week and to the latter support from the Brookings institution. It also seeks the separation of labor sections from codes of the Constitutional reorganization of the NRA. The opening shot in this battle is the introduction by Senator Hugo L. Black of Alabama of his thirty-hour week bill, which at present has not the support of the administration.

DEMOCRATS of Rhode Island surprised themselves and everyone else by gaining control of the house of the state general assembly when a recount of ballots cast in the election from Portsmouth and South Kingston and declared two Democrats had been elected to the senate instead of the two Republicans who had been certified as winners by the state returning board. The Democratic legislators immediately organized the assembly, named the Democratic members, and abolished the state appointed board of public safety and passed a reorganization bill to consolidate 80 state agencies into 11 state departments.

FOREIGN MINISTER PIERRE LAVAL is carrying out successfully the work begun by his murdered predecessor, Barthon, to bring France and Italy into friendly accord for the settlement of all the conflicts that have arisen between those nations since the World war. The agreement, it is believed, will also insure peace in the Balkans. After a week of lively negotiations it was announced that M. Laval would go to Rome "to have important conversations with Premier Mussolini on questions which interest the two countries and on international politics and to conclude agreements which have been going on between the two countries."

WITH remarkable celerity the jury in the Hauptmann trial was selected, consisting of eight men and four women, and Attorney General Wilentz set forth the state's case against the Bronx carpenter who is accused of kidnaping and murdering the baby son of Colonel Lindbergh. The colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were present, and they and Betty Gow, the child's nurse, were among the early witnesses. On behalf of the state the attorney general demanded the penalty of first degree murder.

IN 1933 the James E. Sullivan memorial trophy, awarded to the athlete contributing the most to the cause of amateur athletics during the year, was missed by Bill Bonthron of Princeton by just one vote and was given to Glenn Cunningham. Now it is to Bill's great credit that he rose to the great foot-racing campaign during 1934, in the course of which he established a world record for 1,500 meters and beat Cunningham in three out of five races.

In the nationwide ballot, conducted by A. A. U., Bonthron led in the preliminary voting and was piled up 1,072 votes in the final test after the field had been cut to seven. Benjamin R. Rosenthal, former Stanford track star, ran second with 929 and then came Ralph Metcalfe, Marquette university's negro sprinter, with 413, and Glen Hardin, Louisiana State university, with 285.

Three swimmers trailed the trackmen. Lenore Kight of Homestead, Pa., received 923 votes; Jack Medica of Seattle, 169, and Katherine Rawls, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., 154.

Says WILL ROGERS

BEVERLY HILLS.—Well Xmas has passed. I was just thinking if there was some way to make the Xmas spirit continue during the other days of the year. Why we would be the prosperous and happy and wonderful Nation on Earth. Gosh if all of us that was able would just feed and do things for folks without waiting till Xmas. I think we mean well, but we just sorter get in our heads that about one day a year pays our obligation off, then we swell up and bids our Conscience till the next gift day. With all of our fact finding departments in our Government, and all our statistics at reserve, I believe we could increase generosity 100 to 1000 fold if there was some way of finding out just exactly the right ones in distress in need, (but segregating group). That is I mean have the Governments agents have some way of ascertaining through some system of offers, of work, and records of what they had, and had not gone, and then just list them by some of our various initial systems.

You could find those nearest to you who were in want, and you would know they was in want, and you would know there was nothing they could do that would help themselves. I will bet you that every Community would be able to look after its own. Now your system would have to work two ways. If you are going to pry into the business of the poor, to find that they actually needed help, you might run into the affairs of the others and see what they were doing to relieve their neighbors. Your ability to help would be lated exactly as their needs.

You wouldent get much complaint if you knew that every dollar you gave to help some one, was to keep from that your neighbors rich, well to do, and just ordinary salaried ones, were all contributing quota in a graded amount, say like income tax. A certain percent that must go to your unfortunate neighbors, and the quicker you can get them to working and off your list the better it is for you, that lack of employment would become everybodys business, instead of like it is now just the business of the man who has lost his job.!

Well there is a Government man, he is called C. A. (Conscience Assistor). Maby your Conscience says you should help your neighbors $1000 worth, but you cant hear it. Well this C. A. (Conscience Assistor) he hears what you should hear, but wont. He is also in communication with your finances, so in that way he is able to have the two act in harmony. In fact without the aid of you whatever, it shouldent be such a job to find who is in need, and the degree that they are in need, and it shouldent be hard to find out what the exact proportionate amount of help that each of us should give to relieve that distress. Its paid exactly like taxes. That stops us from just being a Santa Clause on Xmas. You wear whiskers and bring presents every day in the year, instead of just one day. People wouldent mind giving if they absolutely knew that every person in the U. S. was giving exactly in proportion to them, and that every dollar given was to go to some one who really need it, and was not able to help themselves. Its an unemployment tax in a way, then if everybody pays attention and cut down the unemployment before next years contributions start, why the tax would be cut down in proportion.

Now we are getting down toward the end and I got to start doing something about N.R.A.-B.W.W. Now statistics have proven that we always have a class of people that are looking for political or Government jobs. Now we could let them go, just tell them that they are not needed as political and Government job hunters any longer. They must take up something else. Then we put these (in need but Absolutely Vital Workers) in the P.L.F.G.J. (Perpetually Looking For Government Jobs) places, as they would work. Why they are the very fellows to apply for these jobs, for they are not going to get on anywhere, none of these others ever got any), so in that way they fill in a vacancy in our scheme of life that seems to always exist, the (Perpetually Looking For Government Jobs).

But I would like to see the whole system tried. You might call the scheme "Conscience By Law," or "If you wont be a Santa Claus, we will make one out of you." I dont believe any of us really know what our obligation is to our fellow man. That should be established, as I say you cant go by Consciences for they vary too much. So find the needy, and tax us exactly our proportionate share to keep them, and you wont run up this tremendous national debt. We pay as we go, and if it's done fair and equal like this you wont hear many kicks, and those would be the legitimate.

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Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH

BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD
Professor of Secretaryship and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

THESE "GOSH-AWFUL" HEALTH WORRIERS

The other day when I was in an elevator in one of the tall office buildings in Chicago, the guard stopped at a lower floor to let a woman on. She was in an irate humor, to say the least.

"Why didn't you stop on your trip down before?" she demanded. "You saw me standing there."

"How could I know you wanted to get on?" countered the guard.

"You didn't press the button."

"And do you think," said the woman, "that I'll put my finger on that bell with all the germs there are on it? Everybody pushes that button."

The guard shook his head.

"Lady," he said, "you'll have a gosh-awful time going through life if you worry about the germs on bells and door-knobs. How do you think you can escape them?"

Every one, particularly the physician, has met these worrying types of individuals. And the chances are that they give not only themselves, but every one connected with them a gosh-awful time. You can have not when you are with them. They make life miserable worrying about germs; they cease their necks hunting for drafts, so that some one has to jump up constantly opening and shutting doors and windows; and they're always wondering about their digestion. You can't mention a food in their presence without getting a long harangue about whether it is good or not for them.

Health officials sometimes think that the indigestion worriers are increasing out of proportion to the increase in the population. Certainly the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines and on sign boards throughout the country that advocate cures for indigestion, sour stomach and dyspepsia, seem to be growing in number, and if these patent medicines did all that they argues, the advertising about them could not be so extensive. Indeed, one might divide the adult population into two groups; those that suffer from indigestion and those that do not.

Most of the digestion worriers are underweight; they have dried, leathery complexions, and a general look of being not infrequently found in securing a job and working at it. So when a physician informed him that his hopes of fatherhood were not apt to be realized he had a brilliant idea and broached it to Mrs. Gatlin.

"Let's adopt a baby!" he urged.

Louise demurred. She had her doubts as to the advisability of taking over somebody's else troubles—one never knew how an adopted baby was going to turn out—there was no hurry, anyhow—she must have time to consider the idea—her health.

"To h—l with your health!" Mr. Gatlin roared, for the first time in his married life becoming vulgar. "Every doctor you've had tells me you're organically sound. You only think you're sick."

"Mr. Gatlin, you're a pervert!" she protested, but he silenced her.

"You think too much about yourself and not at all about anybody else, particularly me. What you need is a baby to fuss with. You'll learn to love it in a month as much as if it was your own flesh and blood."

"I'm afraid you'll not love it, Theodore. You're so cranky and irritable," she defended.

"Listen!" Mr. Gatlin commanded. "I'm at the point where I'm so seriously considering suing you for divorce on the grounds that you're a barren woman. In other ways you don't measure up to my ideas of a wife and companion. It's no fun for me to come home night after night and have to listen to your tales of woe—"

"You are devoid of sympathy," his wife charged. "You don't love me."

"Maybe I've failed," said Mr. Gatlin, hurt by jimmy, I've tried, and I'm willing to keep on trying a little longer. Only, from now on, we're going to try my methods, and adopting a baby is one of them. If that fails I'll take the baby over myself and we'll call in the lawyers."

She knew she had gone as far as she dared. Even the dullest of married women know when that point is reached; that is, they know when it has been reached by their husbands.

"Well, if we can find a baby of good, sound, intelligent, healthy parentage," she assented grudgingly.

"I've got one staked out," Mr. Gatlin replied joyfully. "Both parents. They're sound as grindstones. I know the grandparents of the child on both sides."

"I don't know them personally," he went on, "but I've had a doctor look up their records. High class people. No insanity and no crookedness in them."

"I'll have to meet these grandparents and parents, Theodore."

"Unfortunately," he replied, "they're dead."

"What did they die of?"

"The grandparents on both sides, of old age; the father of the baby was an army captain and he got killed in a fight in the Philippine islands. The mother died in childbirth and the baby is in the infants' shelter in San Francisco."

"Boy or girl, Theodore?"

"Boy."

"I could never stand a boy, Theodore. I must have a girl."

Mr. Gatlin grinned softly. "I figured you'd try to edge out of it that way. It isn't a boy. It's a girl."

Louise Gatlin was not very intelligent, but she was sufficiently so to realize that for once in his life Mr. Gatlin was the less have his own way.

That night as he lay abed, Mr. Gatlin suddenly gave himself a prodigious poke in the ribs. "What a jackass I was not to consult that doctor before I married Louise," he muttered. "Why, doctor you've had tells me you're organically sound. You only think you're sick."

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It is an absorbing tale of love and mystery—one of the most entertaining of all this author's famous stories.

You Will Enjoy
GOLDEN DAWN

GOLDEN DAWN

By PETER B. KYNE

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CHAPTER I

Mr. Theodore Gatlin's married life had demonstrated to him the absolute fallacy of the ecclesiastic contention that marriages are made in heaven.

In the beginning he had married Louise Hanchett for a number of reasons, none of them really important. She was of good family; i. e., her parents were prosperous middle-class folk whom scandal had never touched. They were eminently respectable if a trifle bovine in disposition and Louise was their only child, and sole heir to such worldly goods as her parents might have accumulated and which Mr. Gatlin believed they were not likely to dissipate; for which reason he did not contemplate having to support them in their helpless age.

These were the common sense reasons which his self-respect as a business man indicated he should conjure to his defense in making this important step; in reality they were merely a sop to his real reason for the step, which was a mad infatuation he mistook for love. Louise Hanchett's cold, classical beauty and Vere de Vere form, which she knew how to dress beautifully and in good taste, had so dazzled him that it never occurred to him to ask himself whether she offered of his passion had wearing qualities; if she had common sense; if she was healthy and capable of becoming a good wife and mother. Such questions never entered his head.

Louise was a Government man, he is called C. A. (Conscience Assistor). Maby your Conscience says you should help your neighbors $1000 worth, but you cant hear it. Well this C. A. (Conscience Assistor) he hears what you should hear, but wont. He is also in communication with your finances, so in that way he is able to have the two act in harmony. In fact without the aid of you whatever, it shouldent be such a job to find who is in need, and the degree that they are in need, and it shouldent be hard to find out what the exact proportionate amount of help that each of us should give to relieve that distress. Its paid exactly like taxes. That stops us from just being a Santa Clause on Xmas. You wear whiskers and bring presents every day in the year, instead of just one day. People wouldent mind giving if they absolutely knew that every person in the U. S. was giving exactly in proportion to them, and that every dollar given was to go to some one who really need it, and was not able to help themselves. Its an unemployment tax in a way, then if everybody pays attention and cut down the unemployment before next years contributions start, why the tax would be cut down in proportion.

Now we are getting down toward the end and I got to start doing something about N.R.A.-B.W.W. Now statistics have proven that we always have a class of people that are looking for political or Government jobs. Now we could let them go, just tell them that they are not needed as political and Government job hunters any longer. They must take up something else. Then we put these (in need but Absolutely Vital Workers) in the P.L.F.G.J. (Perpetually Looking For Government Jobs) places, as they would work. Why they are the very fellows to apply for these jobs, for they are not going to get on anywhere, none of these others ever got any), so in that way they fill in a vacancy in our scheme of life that seems to always exist, the (Perpetually Looking For Government Jobs).

But I would like to see the whole system tried. You might call the scheme "Conscience By Law," or "If you wont be a Santa Claus, we will make one out of you." I dont believe any of us really know what our obligation is to our fellow man. That should be established, as I say you cant go by Consciences for they vary too much. So find the needy, and tax us exactly our proportionate share to keep them, and you wont run up this tremendous national debt. We pay as we go, and if it's done fair and equal like this you wont hear many kicks, and those would be the legitimate.

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Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH

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THESE "GOSH-AWFUL" HEALTH WORRIERS

The other day when I was in an elevator in one of the tall office buildings in Chicago, the guard stopped at a lower floor to let a woman on. She was in an irate humor, to say the least.

"Why didn't you stop on your trip down before?" she demanded. "You saw me standing there."

"How could I know you wanted to get on?" countered the guard.

"You didn't press the button."

"And do you think," said the woman, "that I'll put my finger on that bell with all the germs there are on it? Everybody pushes that button."

The guard shook his head.

"Lady," he said, "you'll have a gosh-awful time going through life if you worry about the germs on bells and door-knobs. How do you think you can escape them?"

Every one, particularly the physician, has met these worrying types of individuals. And the chances are that they give not only themselves, but every one connected with them a gosh-awful time. You can have not when you are with them. They make life miserable worrying about germs; they cease their necks hunting for drafts, so that some one has to jump up constantly opening and shutting doors and windows; and they're always wondering about their digestion. You can't mention a food in their presence without getting a long harangue about whether it is good or not for them.

Health officials sometimes think that the indigestion worriers are increasing out of proportion to the increase in the population. Certainly the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines and on sign boards throughout the country that advocate cures for indigestion, sour stomach and dyspepsia, seem to be growing in number, and if these patent medicines did all that they argues, the advertising about them could not be so extensive. Indeed, one might divide the adult population into two groups; those that suffer from indigestion and those that do not.

Most of the digestion worriers are underweight; they have dried, leathery

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in conversation with him, had mentioned parenthood as something he'd have thought that they were some new form of athletic contrivance. The only practical information he got was that Mr. Hanchett family was that Mrs. Hanchett was a shrew, that Mr. Hanchett was a middle-aged man whose head was bloody and bowed; that Louise was unhappy at home.

In Mr. Gatlin the protective instinct, abundant in all males, was particularly well developed; so he yearned to provide Louise with the happiness he knew she had missed and which he thank God, was able to provide—for he possessed also the usual amount of masculine conceit.

Following two years of married life, during which he strove manfully to accomplish the impossible, Mr. Theodore Gatlin went into a mental haze. Six months of this and he became panic. He wanted a child—and when at last he realized that, in the phraseology of his times, there was nothing doing.

There was born in him the first coherent thought he had ever had on the subject of matrimony. He told himself that he was sick unto death striving to be a good husband and acquiring no merit because of his efforts. He told himself he had a house but not a home; that Louise had "taken after her mother," which meant that he had taken after his father-in-law!

He gave considerable thought to the subject and finally decided that Louise would be all right if she only had something to occupy her mind. She sought happiness and blamed him because she could not find it. Mr. Gatlin did not know where happiness might be found, but inasmuch as he was moderately certain of peace of mind while attending to his business, he had a hazy impression that happiness is not infrequently found in securing a job and working at it. So when a physician informed him that his hopes of fatherhood were not apt to be realized he had a brilliant idea and broached it to Mrs. Gatlin.

"Let's adopt a baby!" he urged.

Louise demurred. She had her doubts as to the advisability of taking over somebody's else troubles—one never knew how an adopted baby was going to turn out—there was no hurry, anyhow—she must have time to consider the idea—her health.

"To h—l with your health!" Mr. Gatlin roared, for the first time in his married life becoming vulgar. "Every doctor you've had tells me you're organically sound. You only think you're sick."

"Mr. Gatlin, you're a pervert!" she protested, but he silenced her.

"You think too much about yourself and not at all about anybody else, particularly me. What you need is a baby to fuss with. You'll learn to love it in a month as much as if it was your own flesh and blood."

"I'm afraid you'll not love it, Theodore. You're so cranky and irritable," she defended.

"Listen!" Mr. Gatlin commanded. "I'm at the point where I'm seriously considering suing you for divorce on the grounds that you're a barren woman. In other ways you don't measure up to my ideas of a wife and companion. It's no fun for me to come home night after night and have to listen to your tales of woe—"

"You are devoid of sympathy," his wife charged. "You don't love me."

"Maybe I've failed," said Mr. Gatlin, hurt by jimmy, I've tried, and I'm willing to keep on trying a little longer. Only, from now on, we're going to try my methods, and adopting a baby is one of them. If that fails I'll take the baby over myself and we'll call in the lawyers."

She knew she had gone as far as she dared. Even the dullest of married women know when that point is reached; that is, they know when it has been reached by their husbands.

"Well, if we can find a baby of good, sound, intelligent, healthy parentage," she assented grudgingly.

"I've got one staked out," Mr. Gatlin replied joyfully. "Both parents. They're sound as grindstones. I know the grandparents of the child on both sides."

"I don't know them personally," he went on, "but I've had a doctor look up their records. High class people. No insanity and no crookedness in them."

"I'll have to meet these grandparents and parents, Theodore."

"Unfortunately," he replied, "they're dead."

"What did they die of?"

"The grandparents on both sides, of old age; the father of the baby was an army captain and he got killed in a fight in the Philippine islands. The mother died in childbirth and the baby is in the infants' shelter in San Francisco."

"Boy or girl, Theodore?"

"Boy."

"I could never stand a boy, Theodore. I must have a girl."

Mr. Gatlin grinned softly. "I figured you'd try to edge out of it that way. It isn't a boy. It's a girl."

Louise Gatlin was not very intelligent, but she was sufficiently so to realize that for once in his life Mr. Gatlin was to have his own way.

That night as he lay abed, Mr. Gatlin suddenly gave himself a prodigious poke in the ribs. "What a jackass I was not to consult that doctor before I married Louise," he muttered. "Why, I thought I could father a child of my own I didn't pay any more attention to its ancestry than I would to selecting a necktie. Anything that looked well with all the germs there are on it! I came to selecting some other man's baby, I gave the matter the attention I would give to the purchase of a piece of property. I wouldn't think of buying a lot until I had run down the record of the title and satisfied myself there were no flaws in it. If men would only employ that much common sense in selecting their wives—or wives, in selecting their husbands—I knew what a nervous, complaining, selfish old shrew her mother gave promise of becoming. Isn't that the doctor spoke of? Ah, yes. Me-del's law. The law that like shall produce like. Simple! N-t-u-r-a-l! Any fool should have thought of that—and yet it took an old monk—a celibate—to promulgate the news. Whew—w—w—w!"

"Theodore," said his wife, from the other twin bed, "I should think you might be more considerate of me than to whistle like that when we're trying to sleep."

"I'm so happy, darling, I couldn't help it. Forgive me."

"Have you thought of a name for the baby?"

"Yes, Penelope."

"A horrid name. Where under heaven did you get that name?"

"From a most unpleasant remark he quoted a verse from Henry Herbert Knibbs' poem, 'Out There Somewhere.'

We'll dance a merry saraband from here to drowsy Samarkand:
Along the sea, across the land, the birds are flying south,
And you, my sweet Penelope, out there somewhere you wait for me.
With beds of rose and lilies for hair and kisses on your mouth."

They went by train to San Francisco next day. With the child in his arms and accompanied by his wife and the lady manager of the infants' shelter, Mr. Gatlin repaired to the Superior